

E L E G Y

O N

Sir Thomas Armstrong,

Who was Executed June the 20th 1684. for Conspiring the Death of the KING, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Prepere to Weep you Zealous Saints oth' Cause,
Your Champion Traytor is Condem'd by th' Laws:
Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, famous in his time,
For Whoreing, Murder, Treason; all Sublime
And Heavenly Endowments: words of Command
By which you Saints——

Have made your Names Immortal through the Land.
For future times, when they shall read his Life,
Will say this Man might set the World at strife.

Shaft—— and he were Slaves without compare;
Slaves of all Slaves, they Slaves to Treason were.

Slavery, in Pleasure, 'tis allow'd may be,
But he's a Slave indeed, that is Born Free,
And with that Birth, labours to disagree.

Observe! how grateful to his Prince he was,
When Pardon'd Thrice to keep him from the Laws,
Deludes the Son to Head the *Good Old Cause*.

And then to shew himself more Grateful still,
The KING,

Who sav'd his Life, he now contriv'd to Kill.

With his own hands the Royal Brother must
Be of Life Depriv'd, at this Villains Lust;

But Murder with such Saints is approv'd Just.

When *Oliver*, that Dagon you obey'd,
Was your sham Earthly God; this Murderer said,

He would his Sacred Majesty betray,

And was design'd his Life to take away;

Except he could conveniently contrive,

His Sacred Body to convey alive;

That still more Guilt might on the Nation be,

For Royal Blood shed by such Villany.

This shews your Cause exactly in its prime;

For Poys'nous Weeds are in their Gathering time,

To be lop'd off, so, Physically good;

But Ranker grown, Contaminates the Blood.

The Brethren, now, are Ripe for Tyburns Scyth;

And pity 'tis they should remain alive;

But with Sir *Thomas Armstrong* all Expire;

And with their Blood Quench their Phanatick Fire.

Adders, their Young bring forth; and, poys'nous all:

This Traytor's Daughter, did in Justice Hall

Upbraid the Court, with Murder of her Syer;

And through the Crowd, blew this Rebellious Fire.

But Equity, for which you Saints, did call;

By uncorrupted Law condemn's you all,

Yet you, (the Elect) wou'd have this Arbitrary;

But Murdering Kings, and Princes, serving God;

The Gallows, is the only Cure for yee,

To take you from your broad and beaten Road.

Lament with Groanes, until your hearts-strings break,

For full defeat of your most Holy Plot:

My Heart bleeds for you, that I scarce can speak;

To see so many Zealots take their Lot.

And though the Subject Prisoner seem'd to call

All Saints to Witness his white Innocence:

It now appears unto the Eyes of all,

'Twas only Bully Vallour; for pretence,

Because the Tribe of *Belzebub*, would be

Thought Saints of Light; but this appears to me,

A Prentice to high Treason; now set free.

And thinking of Eternity at last;

The Comprehensive part of his Life past,

Proves more effectual then his Being was:

For that was hatching Treason for his Friend

But now that Treason proves his fatal end.

As 'twill all those who Monarchy invade:

Now swearing, is Abortive in it's Trade.

But when the Commons were mislead by *Oates*,

I mean that House of Commons whose known Voats

Were for depriving Right to take his place;

None was a Greater Villain then this was.

But Justice, claims it's due to hang all those,

Who would the Rightful Successor Depose.

This is in Praise of your Dear Friend deceas'd,

For should I wright his Treasons at the best

'Twould make a Folio Volume at the least.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed for J. S. 1684.